There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee:
And to that place, the ſharpe *Athenian* law
Can not purſue vs. If thou loueſt mee, then
Steale forth thy fathers houſe, to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*
To do obſeruance to a morne of May)
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſweare to thee, by *Cupids* ſtrongeſt bowe,
By his beſt arrowe, with the golden heade,
By the ſimplicitie of *Venus* doues,
By that which knitteth ſoules, and proſpers loues,
And by that fire, which burnd the *Carthage* queene,
When the falſe *Troian* vnder ſaile was ſeene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women ſpoke)
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed mee,
To morrow truely will I meete with thee.

Lyſ. Keepe promiſe loue: looke, here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeede faire *Helena*: whither away?

Hel. Call you mee faire? That faire againe vnſay.
Demetrius loues your faire: ô happy faire!
Your eyes are loadſtarres, and your tongues ſweete aire
More tunable then larke, to ſheepeheards eare,
When wheat is greene, when hauthorne buddes appeare.
Sickneſſe is catching: O, were fauour ſo,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia*, ere I goe,
My eare ſhould catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongues ſweete melody,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt ile giue to be to you tranſlated.
O, teach mee how you looke, and with what Art,
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius* heart.

Her. I frowne vpon him; yet hee loues mee ſtill.
Hel. O that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch ſk
Her. I giue him curſes; yet he giues mee loue.
Hel. O that my prayers could ſuch affection mooue.
Her. The more I hate, the more he followes mee.
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth mee.
Her. His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty; would that fault were min
Her. Take comfort: he no more ſhall ſee my face;
Lyſander and my ſelfe will fly this place.
Before the time I did *Liſander* ſee,
Seem'd *Athens* as a Paradiſe to mee.
O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell,
That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell!

Lyſ. *Helen*, to you our mindes wee will vnfould:
To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth beholde
Her ſiluer viſage, in the watry glaſſe,
Decking, with liquid pearle, the bladed graſſe
(A time, that louers flights doth ſtill conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, haue wee deuiſ'd to ſteale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primroſe beddes, were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſomes, of their counſell ſweld,
There my *Lyſander*, and my ſelfe ſhall meete,
And thence, from *Athens*, turne away our eyes,
To ſeeke new friends and ſtrange companions.
Farewell, ſweete playfellow: pray thou for vs:
And good lucke graunt thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lyſander*: we muſt ſtarue our ſight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lyſ. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu:
As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you. *Exit* Lyſande

Hele. How happie ſome, ore other ſome, can be!
Through *Athens*, I am thought as faire as ſhee.